

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

AND

G.I. COMBAT

APPROVED
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COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

TRAPPED UNDER FIRE

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QUALITY
COMIC
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Secret Red
Guns

TRUMPET OF
DOOM

Subterranean Ambush



WEB COMIC
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How I Made a Small Fortune In Spare Time!

(WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY)

The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois

IT STARTED WHEN AN WHITE PULLED UP IN HIS NEW CAR

H. Bill! Like my new car?

How can he afford that unless he makes money?

I made \$58 EXTRA that week thanks to that terrific Selling Outfit!

What's in there, thousands?

No, but maybe BETTER! (in a Mason Shoe Man's off hours you should say how people buy these shoes! Look... real AIR CUSHION sneakers!)

GOSH! Can I make money that way?

Just told me Mason sends a Selling Outfit FREE and shows how to make MONEY So I mailed a coupon. My wife was thrilled!

I started with friends, relatives, people where I worked. EVERYBODY wants comfortable shoes!

Soon the Mason people sent me actual sample shoes, and sales came faster than ever!

Say, you have a larger collection than a store!

Shoes and socks of the latest and widest to fit every foot right! Mason has 200,000 pairs on hand. 20 in every outfit of a style, size or width!

My spare-time business grew by leaps and bounds. It was a catch getting "order" orders!

Hi! Mr. Jones! How'd it go since I called on you?

Great! Mr. Bergstrom, I'm now getting orders for 100 pairs of Mason shoes. My wife wants a pair too!

Never had a shoe fit so well!

I soon had a business that brought me over \$500 EXTRA a year, plus exciting prizes. I found real security!

Bill a new toaster!

Didn't see a cent! Mason gave it to me. They give away thousands of prizes every year! (it really makes a small fortune!)

**Mail Coupon
For YOUR
FREE
Money-Making
Outfit!**

What would YOU do with \$3,000 EXTRA income a year? Thousands of men are making handsome extra incomes with Mason Shoe. You don't invest one cent...ever. You need no experience. We'll send you a complete Selling Outfit FREE! It features handsome line of over 175 styles in smart dress shoes, sporty casuals and first-selling work shoes...and includes 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator, Measuring equipment, Money-making booklet, National ads... EVERYTHING you need to start making big money from your first hour!

If you want to give yourself a **relax** every month...with a steady-profit repeat-order business...if you want to be your own boss...just rush this coupon TODAY to Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. 347 Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. You'll receive your powerful FREE SALES OUTFIT right away!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. 247
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You but I want to start making a small fortune in spare time! Rush my FREE SELLING OUTFIT with everything I need to start making money my first hour!

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

G.I. COMBAT

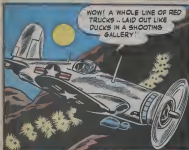
TRAPPED UNDER FIRE



CORPORAL WILLY KEE, THE ROK INTERPRETER ATTACHED TO DIVISION CP, AND SERGEANT ED BATES OF ITEM COMPANY, WERE PALS! WHEN A MARINE CORSAIR CRASHED BEHIND THE RED LINES CARRYING A SUPERSECRET NIGHT-FIGHTING INSTRUMENT ... SOMEBODY HAD TO GET UP THERE AND DESTROY IT BEFORE IT FELL INTO RED HANDS! WILLY AND ED VOLUNTEERED ... THOUGH THEY KNEW THEIR CHANCES OF GETTING BACK ALIVE WERE MAYBE ONE IN A THOUSAND ... WITH PLENTY OF LUCK!

G.I. COMBAT

THE CORSAIR, CRUISING NORTH OF THE PUNCHBOWL, SPOTTED WHAT THE PILOT THOUGHT WAS AN EASY KILL!



HOW! A WHOLE LINE OF RED TRUCKS ..LAID OUT LIKE DUCKS IN A SHOOTING GALLERY!

THE PILOT MADE HIS SCREAMING PASS FROM THE WEST HOLDING FIRE TO THE VERY LAST TO MAKE SURE OF HIS QUARRY!



WAIT UP YOU BUZZARDS! I'VE GOT A SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR YOU!

TOO LATE, THE PILOT SAW THAT HE HAD FALLEN FOR A RED FLAK TRAP ... TRUCK LIGHTS SET UP ON FRAMES AS A DECOY TO LURE HIM DOWN!



YIKES! I'VE BEEN HAD!



RANGER TO BEGOD! FLAK TRAP CAUGHT ME! I'M HIT BAD... AGHHH!

GOT .. CLEAR! MUST.. HIT .. THE SILK! CANOPY ... RELEASE ..!



MADE IT!



IT DON'T BURN! GOT TO ..REMEMBER .. WHERE IT.... WENT DOWN!



I'M DOWN SAFE SO FAR!
IF I CAN WORK MY WAY
SOUTH I'LL HIT OUR
LINES!



IT WAS DAWN WHEN THE WOUNDED
PILOT, NEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD,
STUMBLED ONTO AN OUTPOST!

IT'S ONE OF OUR
FLYBOYS! GRAB
HIM, SAM!

GET ME... TO
HQ QUICK...!
IMPORTANT!



WITHIN TWO HOURS THE PILOT'S REPORT
HAD SET THE WHEELS OF COMMAND
IN MOTION!

IF THAT RADAR GADGET
FALLS INTO RED HANDS,
IT'LL BE MURDER!
WE NEED VOLUNTEERS
TO FIND THE WRECK
AND DESTROY THAT
INSTRUMENT!

WE DOIN'
ANYTHING
IMPORTANT
FOR A FEW
HOURS, SARGE?



THE
FRIENDSHIP
OF WILLY
KEE, ROK
INTERPRETER,
AND BIG
BOT. ED
BATES WAS A
THING OF
FATE!

THE PILOT'S COORDINATES. AN, WE'LL
PUT THE WRECK
SOMEWHERE WITH-
IN THIS AREA, IN
A ROCKY GULLY!
IT WON'T BE
EASY!

LIUTENANT! WE
AND WILLY, WE LIKE
TO TAKE LONG WALKS
TOGETHER! YOU
LEAVE THAT GADGET
TO US!



A SHORT TIME LATER..

THAT LOOIE, HE TALKED
LIKE HE NEVER
FIGURED TO SEE
US GET BACK!

AN, LOOIE'S ALLUS GOT
SCREWY IDEAS, WILLY! HE'S
JUST SCARED WE'LL LIKE
THE COUNTRY SO WELL,
WE'LL SETTLE DOWN AND
START A CHICKEN FARM!



WELL, WHADAYUH
KNOW? WE
CAN GET US
A RED
COLONEL!

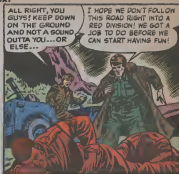
DON'T BE A CHUMP SARGE!
LET 'EM GET THE NEW TIRE
ON, THEN WE'LL TAKE OVER
THE JEEP! WHY WALK WHEN
WE CAN RIDE?



TAKE YOUR
PICK,
WILLY!

YOU GET THAT COLONEL!
I'LL CLOBBER
THE OTHERS!







MOMENTS LATER..

IF THOSE TWO ESCAPE, YOU
WILL PAY WITH YOUR LIVES!



GIMME THAT GUN,
I'VE GOT A USE FOR IT!



YOU LOOKING
FOR US BY
ANY CHANCE?

NOT ANY MORE
YOU ARENT!

BAAAAAPP



WE'D BETTER FIND
THAT WRECK
QUICK, PAL! WE'LL
HAVE HALF THE
RED ARMY ON
OUR TAILS BE-
FORE LONG!

THE MAP
SHOWED IT
UP THAT
VALLEY
AHEAD!



BUT AN HOUR LATER..

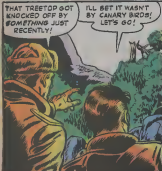
WHOW! THIS IS A
BIG COUNTRY,
SARGE! HOWRE
WE GONNA FIND
ONE PIECE OF
AIRPLANE IN
THIS MESS?

SEARCH
ME, BUT...
HEY!...
LOOK...!



THAT TREETOP GOT
KNOCKED OFF BY
SOMETHING JUST
RECENTLY!

I'LL BET IT WASNT
BY CANARY BIRDS!
LET'S GO!



THERE IT IS! IT TORE DOWN
THROUGH THAT TALL
TREE AND CRASHED
IN THE GULLY!

LET'S GET
OUR JOB
OVER
WITH!









Subterranean Ambush

TRYING TO ESCAPE AN UNEXPECTED RED BOMBARDMENT, A G.I. UNIT STATIONED IN A SMALL YUGOSLAVIAN TOWN SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE CELLAR OF A WAREHOUSE... ONLY TO LEARN THAT THEIR FRANTIC EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE HOT FLAMES OF THE GOLD WAR HAD THRUST THEM INTO AN UNDERGROUND INFERNO.

LOOK, LIEUTENANT! REDS!
THEY'VE TAKEN REFUGE
HERE FROM THE SHELLIN',
TOO!

GET BACK!
THEY'RE OPENING
FIRE!



IN KRNO, YUGOSLAVIA, AT 10 P.M., ONE COULD USUALLY HEAR A PIN DROP! SO WHEN TWO HEAVY SHELLS FELL SUDDENLY ON THE BORDER VILLAGE, IT WAS ENOUGH TO AROUSE EVEN THE SLEEPFEST G.I. TO A SENSE OF DANGER!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON? THE HOTTEST POKER SESSION IN THE HISTORY OF PLATOON D IS TAKIN' PLACE INSIDE!

BETTER BREAK IT UP BEFORE THE SHELLS DO! IT'S A BOMBARDMENT!



YOU'RE CRAZY! THERE CAN'T BE A BOMBARDMENT! WE'RE NOT AT WAR!

YOU TELL THAT TO THE REDS, PAL! THEY'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS!



IN A FEW MINUTES, KRNO WAS TURNED INTO A MADHOUSE OF FLEEING INHABITANTS, BURNING BUILDINGS AND TERRIBLE EXPLOSIONS!



S-STAY CALM! KEEP TO ONE SIDE OF THE STREET!

IN THE LOBBY OF THE ONLY HOTEL IN KRNO, THERE WAS EVEN MORE CONFUSION!



ON THE DOUBLE, YOU GUYS! LT. BREWER WANTS US LINED UP IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE IN FIVE MINUTES!

THIS DON'T MAKE SENSE, SARGE! WE AIN'T YUGOSLAVS! IF THE RUMANIAN REDS WANT TO TAKE A SWIPE AT TITO'S TERRITORY, IT AIN'T OUR BUSINESS!

BUT A **SHELL** ON THAT DUMB SKULL OF YOURS MAKES IT YOUR BUSINESS! THE REDS GOT NO MORE RIGHT TO SHELL KRNO THAN I GOT TO BE KING OF BELLUCHISTAN!



BUT THEY'RE **DOIN'** IT... AN WE AIN'T **STANDIN'** BY **JDLY!** THE LEUTENANT'LL TELL YOU MORE!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE...

WELL, WE'RE IN A PECULIAR SPOT! WE'RE PART OF A MILITARY MISSION THAT'S HERE TO OBSERVE HOW OUR WESTERN DEFENSE PARTNER, YUGOSLAVIA, DEFENDS ITSELF AGAINST RED AGGRESSION! WE'RE PRACTICALLY **TOURISTS!**



WE'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT CONSTANT RED RAIDS AGAINST THE YUGOSLAV BORDER TOWNS! BUT WE NEVER SAW ANYTHING... TILL TONIGHT!



TONIGHT WE SAW HELPLESS, DEFENSELESS PEOPLE BEING MERCILESSLY SHELLED BECAUSE THE RUMANIAN REDS WANT TO PUNISH THEM FOR LINING UP WITH THE WEST! THEY WANT TO KEEP THE YUGOSLAVS TERRORIZED, HOPING THAT FEAR AND DISCOMFORT WILL MAKE 'EM DESERT THE WEST!



WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! BUT IF TROUBLE COMES LOOKING FOR US, WE WON'T TAKE A RUN-OUT POWDER! SERGEANT KENTON, TAKE HALF THE PLATOON AND ASSIST THE POLICE IN GETTING THE CITIZENS OF KRNO TO PLACES OF SAFETY!

YESSIR! SQUADS ONE AN' TWO, COME WITH ME!



SQUADS THREE AND FOUR WILL HELP ME DEFEND KRNO! THE REDS MIGHT NOT BE SATISFIED JUST TO SHELL THE TOWN!

YOU MEAN THEY'LL TRY TO OCCUPY IT, LIEUTENANT?



YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT THESE REDS HAVE IN MIND! TAKE COVER!



INSTEAD OF DECREASING IN FEROCITY, THE BOMBARDMENT GREW HEAVIER... AND MORE DESTRUCTIVE!



W-WE CAN'T STICK AROUND HERE! WE'LL BE BLOWN TO PIECES! TAKE SHELTER! THAT WAREHOUSE LOOKS LIKE THE STRONGEST BUILDING IN TOWN!



YESSIR!

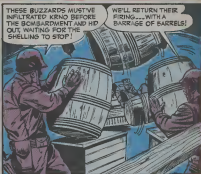
BRAMMM! BARROOOOMMM!

W-WOW! WE DIDN'T LEAVE TOO SOON!



INTO THE CELLAR! QUICK!





SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE RUMANIAN REDS SURRENDERED...

IT IS A SURPRISE TO SEE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THIS OBSCURE LITTLE BORDER TOWN!

IT'S A BIGGER SURPRISE TO SEE YOU! WE'RE ON A GOOD-WILL TOUR OF INSPECTION... BY INVITATION! YOU INVADIED KRNO AS PART OF YOUR VICIOUS COMMIE STRATEGY OF HARRASSING TITO'S BORDER TOWNS!



BUT ENOUGH TALK! DIG YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS TOMB!

WITH PLEASURE! THE VERY REASON WHY WE SOUGHT THE REFUGE OF THIS CELLAR IS THAT WE KNOW KRNO WILL SOON BE OCCUPIED BY OUR FORCES! BY THE TIME WE REACH THE SURFACE, KRNO WILL BE IN OUR HANDS!



UNLESS YOU SURRENDER THIS MINUTE, YOU'LL FACE A FIRING SQUAD WHEN WE REACH THE SURFACE! BE SMART... AND SAVE YOUR LIVES NOW!

WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES, COMMIE! DIG IN!



MINUTES LATER...

LIEUTENANT! I BELIEVE THAT RED WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH! THERE MUST BE MORE REDS POURIN' INTO TOWN! ELSE WHY WOULD THEY BE DIGGIN' SO FAST AN' SO HARD?

I-I DON'T KNOW, GARRITY! I'M WORRIED MYSELF!



SHORTLY AFTER...

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, LIEUTENANT! WE ARE NEAR THE SURFACE! SOON YOU WILL PAY FOR IGNORING MY WARNING!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN! GARRITY, THE MOMENT WE BREAK THROUGH, YOU AND I WILL RECONNOITER!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

GO, LIEUTENANT! TAKE A GOOD LOOK OUTSIDE! YOU WILL ONLY SEE YOUR DOOM!

NO, COMMIE! DOOM IS YOURS, WHATEVER I SEE! LET'S GO, GARRITY!



G-GREAT GUNS! REDS!

GET BACK, GARRITY! THEY SEE US!



THAT COMMIE CAPTAIN
WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH!
THE REDS ARE OCCUPYIN'
KRNO!

NOT FOR LONG! THREE
OF YOU STAY BEHIND TO
WATCH THESE REDS!
WE'LL GO AFTER
THE OTHERS!



THAT'S IT, BOYS! DRIVE
'EM BACK TO RUMANIA!



MOMENTS LATER, AS A BITTER
STREET BATTLE TOOK PLACE...

LET 'EM KNOW ONCE AND FOR
ALL THAT NOBODY'S GOING TO
ROLL OVER AND PLAY DEAD FOR
'EM! THEY MAY START SOME-
THING... BUT WE'LL FINISH IT!



BLOCK BY BLOCK, BUILDING BY BUILD-
ING, THE G.I.'S ROUTED THE INVADERS
FROM THEIR FOOTHOLDS!



BIT BY BIT, THE REDS WERE DRIVEN
BACK...



FINALLY, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

THEY'RE TURNIN' TAIL! WE LIKED 'EM,
LIEUTENANT! IT'S THEM THAT'LL REMEMBER
THE BOMBARDMENT OF KRNO!



A HALF HOUR LATER, AS YUGOSLAV TROOPS POURED INTO KRNO
AND RECEIVED THE REDS WHOSE CELLAR AMBUSH HAD BACK-
FIRED...

THANK YOU, LT.
BREWER! YOU GAVE THE REDS A
PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION
OF WHAT THE WEST CAN DO IF
IT STANDS TOGETHER AGAINST
THE RED THREAT!

THAT'S HOW I'VE FELT,
COLONEL! WE WANT TO
TEACH THE REDS THAT...
WAR DOES NOT PAY!



TRUMPET of DOOM



KOREA... SPRING, 1952

MAN IT'S BEEN QUIET
AROUND NEAR THE LAS
COUPLE OF WEEKS!

TOO QUIET! YOU CAN
BET YOUR LIFE, FORDIE,
THEM REDS AIN'T HAPPY
WITH US UP HERE LOOKIN'
DOWN THEIR THROATS!



Y'KNOW, STEF, THIS
QUIET KINDA MAKES
ME THINK OF HOME!

THAT AIN'T WHAT YOU BEEN
TELLIN' ME FOR THE LAST
TWO YEARS! I THOUGHT
BACK IN NEW ORLEANS YOU
WAS ALWAYS UP ALL NIGHT
BLASTING AWAY ON THAT
TRUMPET OF YOURS!



YESSUH! UP ALL NIGHT WITH A HOT COMBO... JES' BLOWIN' OUR LIDS! "HIGH SOCIETY"... "BARIN STREET BLUES"... AND "WHEN THE SAINTS COME MARCHIN' IN"... JES' LIKE OL' "SATCHMO"!



FORDIE, WHEN WE GET ROTATED OUTA HERE, I'M GOING DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS WITH YOU JUST TO SEE YOU IN ACTION!



YESSUH... THESE OL' FINGERS ARE ITCHIN' TO PLAY A FEW HOT LICKS ON THAT OLD TRUMPET OF MINE! AN' WAITIL YALL HEAR "FINGERS" DOOLITTLE AND RED BUTTON! MAN, THEY'RE ALL GONE!



WELL, I HOPE THEY'RE BACK WHEN WE GET THERE!

I DON'T MEAN THAT KINDA "GONE", I MEAN REAL GONE, MAN... REAL GONE!



I WAS ONLY KIDDIN', FORDIE! LIKE YOU'D SAY, I DIG YOU SOLID, JACK...

BUT A RED SHELL ENDS THE CONVERSATION!



LOOKS LIKE THE REDS GOT A DIFFERENT KIND OF JAM SESSION IN MIND!



MAN, THEY'RE ALWAYS BUSTIN' IN AT THE WRONG TIME! DON'T I WISH I WAS BACK IN NEW ORLEANS!

BA-ROOH!



THEY'RE THROWN EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT!



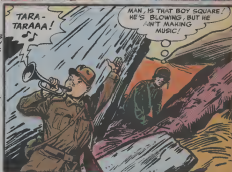
I KNEW IT WAS TOO QUIET AROUND HERE, FORDIE!







BUT
THE
TREMENDOUS
SUPERIORITY
IN NUMBERS
OF THE
ENEMY
SEEMS
ABOUT TO
TURN AN
ORDERLY
WITHDRAWAL
INTO A
COMPLETE
ROUTE
AND
MAJOR
BREAK-
THROUGH!



MAN, IS THAT BOY SQUARE?
HE'S BLOWING, BUT HE
AIN'T MAKING
MUSIC!





MEANWHILE SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS TO FORD'S REAR, STET AND THE REMAINS OF THE GALLANT AMERICAN COMPANY FIGHT DESPERATELY TO STEM THE ON-RUSHING TIDE!





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30 days**

BE A POWERHOUSE OF MUSCLES!

**FEAR
NO
ONE**

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HIP POCKET GYM**

build a BODY of STEEL

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WILDFIRE

MARCIA could sense Red's anger when she hired the stranger. But he had good references, the very best when it came to breaking and training horses and she needed a good man on the place. Later when the foreman came to her to complain, she listened patiently. "Miss Marcia, it's always been my job to do the hiring around here. When your pa died, he wanted it that way," said Red Curran. "And now you go hiring a cowboy nobody knows, without even consulting me." "I'm sorry you weren't consulted, Red," replied Marcia Robbins slowly, "but this man has qualifications we need at the Bar R. He's a rodeo performer and he's agreed to ready Wildfire for the rodeo opening and also to ride him for the Bar R Ranch. If he wins, the purse will bring me the money I need for that payment on the ranch. And you know how very much we need that money." Red looked interested at her explanation, but he leped away without further comment.

The pretty girl's brow wrinkled with worry as she thought of the state things were in. When her father died two years earlier, the ranch had been thriving. Since then she'd been the victim of wholesale cattle rustling, with the thieves backing huge stock trucks up to the edge of her range lands and simply driving the steers in, to be carted off and sold under another brand. Red had posted sentries and the sheriff had organized several posses, but the thieves were too crafty, they seemed to know when to strike. Now the final payment on the Bar R was coming due and she didn't have the money to pay it. The Bar R was a good spread and many a rancher had tried to buy it from her but she clung to her home tenaciously. Her only hope was to make an entry in the rodeo for the Bar R. Red had quit riding two years before, claiming that an old knee injury bothered him, so he couldn't be counted on to bring in the prize money. Now Marcia's hopes were pinned on Brad Tucker, and the bucking, fighting, untrained roan, Wildfire.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Brad Tucker walked up to her. "My gear is all set m'am," he said. "I'd like to have a look at Wildfire now." She was startled out of her thoughtfulness. "Oh, yes," she said. "I'll take you down. Red's busy in the stable. I guess you've noticed, Brad, that our foreman didn't take it kindly when I hired you." He laughed a little. "Yes, that didn't take much imagination, I'm surprised he doesn't approve of you hiring a rodeo man, though, Miss Marcia. I can recall that Red Curran was a top rodeo name a few years back. He represented your father successfully in all the big shows." Marcia nodded, thoughtfully. "Well, maybe it's sour grapes. He claims an old knee injury keeps him out of the rodeos now and I guess he misses his share of the prize money." They had reached the corral and Wildfire was seen as he was rarely seen, grazing quietly. Brad whistled softly as he viewed the beautiful horse.

Brad Tucker worked daily with Wildfire. Marcia arranged for him to be exempted from all other ranch work so he could concentrate on training the handsome stallion. Red Curran smoldered under this usurpation of his authority, but he had little to say to Tucker, though many times, Marcia observed him watching carefully as Brad patiently put the horse through his paces.

Finally the rodeo announcements began to appear all over the countryside and there was wide-spread talk about the reappearance of the Phantom Rider. He was the winner in the big rodeo the year before with a black stallion that stole the show. But he refused to give his name or show his face and the fact that he was scheduled to appear again this year, caused many of the more timid entries to drop out. Marcia asked Brad how he felt about competing against the Phantom Rider. "It doesn't make much difference who enters, Miss Marcia," replied Brad confidently. "With Wildfire, I'm sure we can win for the Bar R and then all your worries will be over." "Maybe they'll just be beginning," interrupted Red as he came around the side of the house. "You sound pretty cackey for a man who's going to compete with the Phantom Rider. I'll be up in those stands watching with interest, Tucker." And he turned on his heel and walked away.

From then on, Brad slept in the stable near Wildfire, but he didn't mention his suspicions to Marcia Robbins because he knew she believed Red's attitude was because he could no longer ride in the shows. Brad's watchfulness paid off two nights before the rodeo when he was awakened by someone stealthily creeping up on him. He was lying on his back, his eyes almost closed when the man bent over him. Through his lashes, Brad could see that he was masked and he held a knife. Without hesitating further, he suddenly drew back his knees and booted the intruder violently. He flew backwards, cursing, but had regained his feet by the time Brad was up. In the fight that followed, Brad was doing all right until a crack on the head came from behind. He sagged out of the picture. He came to, a short while later, trussed up with ropes and lying out by the corral. He was frantic because he could hear faint movements in the stable and he was afraid of what the invaders might do to Wildfire. He didn't want to shout and attract their attention so he whinnied, plaintively and long. Brad called on a childhood hobby of animal imitations to attract Marcia Robbins' attention. He recalled her interest in Wildfire and he hoped against hope that if she heard the sounds she'd come to the corral to see if Wildfire were out at this late hour. His attempts were rewarded moments later, when clad in a robe, Marcia came hurrying out to the corral. He attracted her attention and as she excitedly released him, he told her what had happened in the stable. They reached it in time to see a man about to plunge a hypodermic into the flank of Wildfire, while another masked man held tightly to the reins to steady the nervous horse. Brad didn't wait to get a gun, he dived for the man about to injure the horse. The fight was more even after he tossed the man's gun to Miss Marcia and she trained it on the entire group. It didn't take long to unmask Red Curran, nor to extract a full confession of cattle rustling under the threat of a further beating. He was turned in to the sheriff along with the members of his gang.

Brad rode Wildfire in the Big Rodeo and won for the Bar R. The phantom rider didn't appear, he was resting in jail, contemplating his broken plans of winning the prize money and of breaking Marcia Robbins as a ranch owner and taking over the Bar R speed for his own. Wildfire is now one of the most famous rodeo horses in the west and the prosperous Bar R has a new foreman.

G.I. COMBAT

The SECRET RED GUNS

SERGEANT HARRIS WAS A VERY SUSPICIOUS GUY! ESPECIALLY WHEN IT CAME TO **COMMIE TRICKERY!** BUT FOR ONCE IN HIS DOUBTING LIFE, HARRIS SHOULD HAVE LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE! FOR HARRIS THRUST HIS FOOT INTO **DEEP** TROUBLE WHEN HE STUMBLER ACROSS THE SECRET RED ARTILLERY!



SERGEANT RUTHERFORD S. HARRIS HAD THE REPUTATION OF BEING BOTH THE TOUGHEST AND KINDEST TOPKICK IN SOUTH KOREA! AFTER MARCHING THE LEGS OFF HIS PLATOON IN A DAY-LONG DRILL----

"HEY, SARGE! WE'RE DYIN' OF THIRST! HAVE MERCY!"

"OKAY! MAYBE I HAVE BEEN PUSHING YOU TOO HARD! THERE'S CHIN'S FARM OVER THERE! CHIN'S A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE!"



SHORTLY AFTER, AT CHIN'S FARM----

"IT IS ALWAYS MUCH PLEASURE TO GREET OLD FRIEND!"

"AND VICE VERSA, CHIN! THANKS FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY TOWARD MY BOYS! I REALLY GAVE 'EM A WORKOUT THIS MORNING!"



WHY WORK-OUTS? BUT THE NORTH AND SOUTH OF KOREA ARE NO LONGER AT WAR! WHY MUST YOUR TROOPS TRAIN SO HEAVILY?

BECAUSE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN...ANY TIME! THAT'S WHY UNCLE SAM'S BOYS ARE HANGING AROUND, CHIN! TO HELP YOU SOUTH KOREANS IN CASE THE REDS LAUNCH ANOTHER INVASION!

THAT'S WHY DETACHMENTS OF UN TROOPS ARE STILL IN KOREA, CHIN! THE DEMOCRACIES DON'T TRUST THE NORTH KOREANS! HARDLY A DAY GOES BY THAT THE REDS DON'T INVADE YOUR BORDER AND HARASS SOUTH KOREAN POSITIONS!

YOU ARE JOKING ME, SERGEANT! I REMEMBER YEARS AGO... DURING KOREAN WAR! YOU ALWAYS MADE PRACTICAL JOKES!

MAYBE SO, CHIN! BUT THOSE REDS ARE NOTHING TO LAUGH ABOUT! THEY KEEP LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! THEY'LL TRY ANYTHING TO HURT US!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE PLATOON HEADED BACK TO ITS BASE...

YOU STOP WORRYING ABOUT REDS, HARRIS! REDS ARE LIKE COWARDLY DOGS! THEY BARK LOUD... BUT THEY DO NOT BITE!

YOU'RE WRONG, CHIN! THEY BITE WHEN YOUR BACK IS TURNED! GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR SPRING CROPS!



DO ALL SOUTH KOREANS FEEL SO SAFE ABOUT THE REDS, SARGE?

OF COURSE NOT, JENSEN! CHIN IS ONE OF THOSE HUMAN BEINGS WHO IS SO BASICALLY GOOD. HE THINKS THE REST OF HUMANITY IS LIKE HIMSELF! SOME DAY HE'LL LEARN THE REDS HAVE SECEDED FROM THE HUMAN RACE!



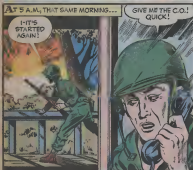
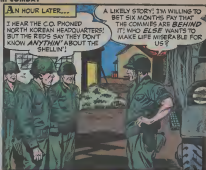
THAT NIGHT, AT THE U.S. BORDER DEFENSE BASE AT LIANG...



IT CAN'T BE, SARGE! I DON'T HEAR ANY PLANES!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'RE BEING SHELLED!





TWO HOURS LATER, AS SERGEANT HARRIS LED HIS PLATOON OUT OF THE BASE....

THE BACK-BITING CRUMBS THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN! THEY MUST'VE PENETRATED OUR LINES DURN' THE NIGHT!

BUT THEY'RE PLAYING A LOSING GAME, TEN-SEN! AS LONG AS THE REDS KEEP FIRING THEIR GUNS, ONE OF OUR PATROLS IS SURE TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO PIN-POINT THEIR EMPLACEMENT! COME ON!



BUT WHEN HOURS OF SEARCH DISCLOSED NOTHING....

WE'LL SPREAD OUR DRAGNET MORE WIDELY! WE'LL COMB THESE WOODS DOWN TO THE LAST SQUARE INCH OF DIRT! EVERY MAN IS ON HIS OWN! IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, FIRE A FLARE!



AS THE MINUTES PASSED INTO HOURS AND THE HOURS PASSED INTO DARKNESS, SGT. HARRIS' PATROL BEAT THE BRUSH, LEAVING NO LEAF UNTURNED....



NOR WAS SERGEANT HARRIS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN HIS MEN! AS NIGHTFALL CAME, HE EVEN BEGAN TO WONDER WHETHER HE'D BEEN DREAMING THE SHELLING OF THE NIGHT BEFORE!

MAYBE WE'RE ALL CRAZY! MAYBE THE SHELLING DIDN'T EVEN HAPPEN! I HAVEN'T HEARD ANY FIRING ALL AFTERNOON! MAYBE THOSE BALLISTICS EXPERTS ARE WRONG! MAYBE THE REDS ARE FIRING FROM ACROSS THE BORDER!



HHMM...CHIN'S CHICKENS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE! THE COWS HAVEN'T BEEN BROUGHT INTO THE BARN! I'VE NEVER SEEN CHIN SO NEGLIGENT BEFORE!

COMING!



WHAT'S GOING ON, CHIN? YOUR FARM'S NEGLECTED! YOUR COWS ARE UNMILKED! YOUR CHICKENS ARE RUNNING WILD!

I-I KNOW, HARRIS! PATROLS HAVE BEEN PASSING BY ALL AFTERNOON! THEY TOLD ME THE SAME THING! BUT MY WIFE IS SICK! ER... I MUST GO BACK TO HER! SHE NEEDS MY ATTENTION!



WAIT, CHIN! AREN'T YOU GOING TO MILK ME IN? I'M BUSHED! WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE WOODS ALL DAY FOR SOME REDS WHO MIGHT'VE SLIPPED OVER THE BORDER!

I-I KNOW! BUT I CANNOT HELP YOU! I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THESE GUNS... AND MY WIFE NEEDS ME! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!



SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'VE KNOWN CHIN SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE KOREAN WAR! NEVER HAVE I SEEN HIM SO UPSET, SO PALE, SO UNDISPITABLE! MAYBE HE'S GOT GOOD REASON TO BE NERVOUS!



HOURS LATER, AS TOTAL DARKNESS DESCENDED...

ALL THE PATROLS MUST BE BACK AT THE BASE NOW, MAKING THEIR REPORTS! BROTHER HARRIS, IF SOMETHING IS WRONG, YOU MIGHT'VE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW! THERE'S NO WAY TO CONTACT THE BASE IN CASE OF TROUBLE! HELLO! SOMEBODY'S MOVING AROUND THE FARM!



REDS! DRESSED AS SOUTH KOREAN PEASANTS! NO WONDER THEY SNEAKED OVER THE BORDER! THEY COULDN'T SECRETED THEIR GUNS IN OX-CARTS!



THE CUNNING RASCALS! THEY HIDE THEIR GUNS IN CHIN'S BARN AND DRAID HIM OUT WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR! THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING CHIN! HE WAS AW WITH THE REDS ALL THE TIME!



SO I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE REDS! HUH! NOW CHIN MUST'VE BEEN LAUGHING UP HIS SLEEVE AT ME!



OKAY, RAISE HIM! YOU'VE FIRED YOUR LAST SHOT!

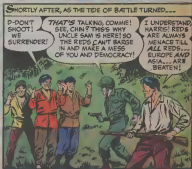
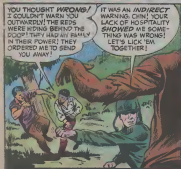
W-WE ARE DISCOVERED! FIRE! FIRE!

LOOK! A YANKEE!



SO IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT? I'M WILLING!





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- 7 Davy Crockett Fights the Creek Indians
- 8 Davy Crockett and the Boy



Mickey Mouse



Peter Pan



Davy Crockett

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Atlas

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On the copy of "Dynamic
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Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 15 lbs.
and 4 1/2 inches on
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—Henry Jones, Toledo

"I gained 34 lbs.
and increased my
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—Stanley Lane, Tel.

"Whole difference!
Have put 3 1/2
inches on my chest
(normal) and 2 1/2
inches expanded."

—J. L. New York

"Gained 25 lbs.
When I started

your course I
weighed only 141.
Now I weigh 170."

—T. E. New York

"The benefits are
wonderful. The first
week my arm is
crossed one inch.
My chest has
grown 2 1/2 inches."

—A. M. San.

"You changed me
from a weakling
to a real hero man.
My chest has
gained 4 inches. I am
a solid mass of
muscle."

—J. W. Madison

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

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